Between the lines of reason and depravity

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Between the lines of reason and depravity

by CrippledShadow

Summary

After Will uncovered one too many of his secrets, the devastation taking more of a toll on his mind than anticipated, barely Hannibal found no alternative than drastic measures and have him institutionalised for remedial care.

A sequel continuing the story of A/B/O AU Tarnished Bonds

Notes

Hey guys,

Well over a year ago (nearly 2) I mentioned that I may write a sequel to Tarnished Bonds and at once started to plan, wrote out several rough drafts and chapter summaries but not far into the actual writing was so disgusted by the things that my own brain had provided that I left it for a long time. So after several long absences it is finally finished :)

A lot of the material will be unsettling, kinky or downright taboo things that should not be endorsed in any other context than fanfic so be warned!! If that doesn't bother you than, enjoy! :)

This story starts roughly six months after the end to TB with significant time jumps to the first three months shown by a paragraph separated by dots.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The hospital had once been a manor house and while updated to to modern equipment and divided into twice the former number of available rooms but still held a daunting appearance. Despite being funded at least in part by state resources the management and overseeing of the institute, like other private omega hospitals, rehabilitation centres and isolation communities around the country, were largely left to a small medical board and allowed less strict adherence to traditional healthcare codes.

The nurse recognised him and immediately disarmed the lock on the ward door to admit him.

Hannibal disliked leaving his mate in such clumsy hands as Chilton's but his own efforts to train the cheeky disobedience had not been satisfactory and the return to basics in a secure facility would hopefully be enough to start them back on a healthy track. Due to his ongoing acquaintanceship with the head it had been quite simple to bend rules about visiting privileges and see to it that his preferred methods were implemented while allowing the foolish man to feel they were his own.

“He’s already been moved to a visitors room so I’ll just need to page someone to escort you.”

“Thank you.”

Two orderlies appeared moments later to lead the way down the familiar hallway. Muffled sounds from patient’s bedrooms as he passed closed doors, soft groans and whimpers that would be as likely found in another form of establishment.

As much as he was entertained by the flashes of defiance that reminded him of why he originally decided to make the omega his, Will had demonstrated that he could not be trusted with that level of freedom. After some weeks of training under the fully sanctioned guise of medical treatment, the feisty little omega had been successfully broken down into an appropriate mate. Although there had been complications, as was to be expected as Will was still above average levels of perception and intelligence, Hannibal had never expected the boy to become a genuine danger so early in their relationship.

Three months of institutional care had brought…interesting results.

The meek creature sitting on one side of the metal table was very different from the last visit a fortnight earlier. Hannibal had mistakenly underestimated the omega's determination and although he had been able to overpower him easily enough before the guard got the door open, the bite Will had taken out off his face would likely leave a permeant scar.

“Hello Will.”

One of Will ankles had been secured to the table and his wrists were shackled to a connecting chain at his waist rather than threaded through the table. He noted the enflamed marks about his mouth and nose from roughly applied feeding tubes.

He left his coat and briefcase on the table and moved to wrap his arms around his omega. Will stiffened but once a hand covered his neck he couldn't fight the comfort he would already be craving.

"I've missed you so much," he murmured, still kneading the omega's nape.

"Why are you still pretending?" The soft voice sounded almost raspy from disuse but the alpha still heard him.

"What do you mean?"he asked.

"I'm not going to forgive you. I hate you for what you've done."

The rejection hurt more than it should have though the doctor didn't allow that to show on his face. "Then you have made no progress," Hannibal sighed sadly. *Business as usual and perhaps a small punishment to remind him*

"Have you been wearing the sleep anal plug and oral knot gag I had Doctor Chilton prescribe for you? Remember, a good omega should be accustomed to and welcoming of an alpha's knot in his hole, and mouth as well if he is particularly fortunate, at any given time in the day or night. For convenience and realism this has been done primarily at night so far but could be conducted earlier and for more than the minimum number of hours. If you refuse to use the medical equipment there will be no option but to keep you in manual restraints at all hours," Hannibal paused, pretending to consider a new idea. "In fact, having your arms and legs bound while servicing an artificial knot in both your mouth and hole would be a very beneficial experience for you. Letting your body be free from the burden of thoughts and actions to just perform as nature intended would work wonders for your mental health. Yes, I will speak to Doctor Chilton about what can be done."

"But-"

"Hush now darling," Hannibal interrupted. He checked his watch. "I cannot stay long today but I would never deprive you. Present."

Will's eyes flicked to the men standing by the door and back. Hannibal concealed his amusement and arousal at the omega's discomfit and hesitation. "I won't ask you again, Will. Present."

Will flinched at the command but hesitantly stood and bent forward over the cold metal surface. The alpha drank in the beautiful flush darkening his mate's as still nervous fingers worked down the dowdy, hospital issue trousers to pool about his ankles as his legs spread obediently. The shy behaviour was reminiscent of the teenager who had first enticed him years earlier. The smart but cheeky and rebellious omega he had broken down and trained into an acceptable mate at the father's request.

By all counts his experiment had been successful and it did give him a satisfaction of sorts that such an insolent, little creature had been altered so by his methods even if traces of the beautiful challenge that caused his initial attraction still persisted. He stepped up behind the trembling omega. A quick slap to his right buttock was enough to remind Will to present

himself properly, lowering himself further so his face and chest were pressed flat against the table and reaching back behind him uncomfortably to spread his cheeks apart, offering up his hole like a good omega. Just as he'd been taught.

Hannibal ran a gentle hand over Will's hip but tsked in disapproval as his finger touched the omega's hole, far too dry and tight for there to have been adherence to the treatment. Over a long enough period of the prolonged, forceful breeding sessions combined with the compliance drugs pumped in with the artificial semen or delivery orally could alter an omega's physiology to a state of permanent readiness so that a single touch to their hole would cause the orifice to loosen and produce slick in preparation for penetration.

There was some speculation on how long this took to induce as to experiment on any omegas other than those deemed a danger to themselves and others by outside parties would be unethical. He had not been particularly concerned with achieving this in their own sessions but was not happy to see less progress than should have been made.

"I see that you have not been cooperating with the treatment," he said, pressing his finger forward, drawing a cry from the omega but, he was glad to see, no attempt was made to close his legs. "That will certainly mean restraints around the clock, more work for the staff and much more unpleasantness for you. You still don't understand that this disobedient behaviour is selfish and will only cause pain and discomfort for you and waste the time of time of everyone around you."

Two fingers pressed against Will's lips and the boy whimpered but obediently opened to suckle them .

Frederick Chilton had long admired and been somewhat intimidated by his colleague Hannibal Lecter so he'd been only to happy to accept the man's young mate as a patient. While it was undeniable that he had enjoyed aspects of having the boy as his patient and had taken note of developments in omegan domestication like those observed in articles by the man himself in previous years, overlooking some some ethical dilemmas, but was now tired entirely of the other man's continued influence in his hospital. He had found himself bending regulations time and again and allowing the other to be far too involved in the treatment process.

"Now Doctor Lecter," Chilton said with an attempt at aloof. "I've made allowances for extra access to your mate but I cannot treat him properly with this much interference. Don't get me wrong, both your papers on omega domestication were fascinating-I've actually begun including a mandatory hour of mechanical breeding for some of the boisterous patients- but that boy's hardly a good advertisement for your work."

"My dear Frederick, I cannot say how glad I am to have your assistance in my mate's recovery but I believe the terms we agreed upon were quite clear and are being met. I admit I allowed some leniency with my mate considering a number of painful circumstances but have no doubt that he is improving under your care." The cool but ever polite response made

Chilton flustered and somehow could not bring the conversation back to the point he had wanted.

Despite his own success in his field conversations with Lecter always made him shrink just a little.

It was true that his own patient body never passed one hundred at one time and many had been in the facility for years. Widows, a few mates passed over for a variety of reasons and the red herrings who had tried to trick the system with suppressants for far too long. A dozen omegas deemed too old to re-mate but able to live in a less structured facility had been removed the week before to a private home and due to a slow year for new admissions they were at a record low of forty-four patients.

There were several young omegas at present, all checked in by worried family members. One notable young lady had been brought in by worried parents after discovering her in a compromising position with a female beta behind her betrothed's back. Still somehow he found himself obsessing over his colleague's mate. With that thought in mind he opened his laptop to one of his favourite recordings from the young omega’s cell after Lecter had left.

The doe eyed omega sucked desperately on the feeding tube, eyes watering in pain. The blended mush was delivered at a quick pace throughout the feeding to ensure the patient sucked as hard as they could long after their bellies became full to avoid chocking. The procedure left patients weak and docile, almost as much so as after a good hard breeding and many developed oral fixations as a result. A desired achievement as the hospital's goal was to rehabilitate omegas enough to be returned to their old lives and in most cases find new mates even if much of the clientele were older and less picky.

The inmates essentially shared the same daily routines consisting of three liquid meals, hour long therapy and breeding sessions and for the older and more docile omegas the option of group activities.

Despite the relatively low demand Chilton had always prided himself on seeing to it that the equipment was up to date. The breeding and knotting machines were complete with soft, lined restraints and a cushioned bench so a kneeling omega could be comfortable for as long as needed.

As the hospital's most trying case Chilton had devoted extra time and thought to how to treat young Will. As the boy had stubbornly resisted any attempts at talk therapy he had shifted focus to the physical training. It had been his decision that Will's feedings would be conducted at the same time as his breeding sessions. Now watching a recording of his new favourite patient he was quite transfixed again by those sweet pink lips stretched around the plastic tube, thighs spread uncomfortably wide in stirrups as the electric dildo rocked rhythmically in and out of him. The soft, strangulated whimpers sounded with the release of each round of artificial semen, released on a timer every ten minutes.

It was no wonder his colleague had chosen not to simply cast him off as the little omega's barrenness would be enough of an offence in most people's minds. There had been very little published information on the nature of the incident which lead to the omega’s involuntary hospitalisation nor was Lecter generous with details. The thought had irked Chilton many

times as he sat across from the boy or watched the recordings that showed more than his erratic moods, almost as if playacting, or the sweet physical allure that could make many alphas lose track of logical thought. It was hard to put into words as to why yet he could not help but feel certain that the omega was just a little dangerous.

His hand had worked down his pants almost without his noticing and reached his end almost embarrassingly quick.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Material in this chapter can be viewed as disturbing and taboo -forced miscarriage, psychological abuse and infanticide- but occurs as a representative dream as Will realises another painful truth framed around his second miscarriage, not the actual events as they occurred.
>
> Disclaimer taken care of, please enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Omegas lacked the natural authority of alphas or competitive natures that made betas close rivals. At the bottom of the ladder omegas once would likely have been the dregs but it was their saving grace that the natural vulnerabilities appealed to alphas so perfectly to let the two complete the other.

Solitude had once been a thing that Hannibal thrived upon and never felt the urge to seek out others unnecessarily yet he had begun to feel Will's absence. As he sat at his desk in the study he found himself reminiscing fondly on small details of the boy's beauty and capturing each on fine drawing paper. The slim hands so much finer in structure than his but showing more calluses and small scars from working alongside his father (Graham senior would have been grossly angered by that as he had counted for many years on the price he would gain from selling his omega son), a plush lower lip tucked between teeth in thought or pleasure…

Hannibal raised his brows in surprised annoyance as he noticed the point of his pencil had torn through the fine paper. The drawing was ruined but he brushed it aside after a moment without much grievance as the rendition was a poor substitute for the omega himself.

Much of what had happened over the last few months was due to Agent Crawford.

…….

The dinner invitation had been a tactful move rather than a desire to see the overbearing alpha again. It was the second time he had been contacted for a consultation but momentarily he had been concerned when the man rudely barged into his waiting room that a connection had been drawn at last.

At the same time it was useful to get a measure of the men hunting him and others of similar, lower quality status and he did not overlook the possibility that there was more to it. After all, a department head wouldn't be conducting interviews if it wasn't considered important.

Eight girls and young women had been abducted from around the state Minnesota with no traces recovered until the last was returned, shattering any stubborn hope that any were still alive. In one of the two photos captured and circulated on news media the girl looked almost as if she could merely be sleeping with the sheets pulled high to cover the bruises and her crushed windpipe; odd how many people wrongly assumed that strangulation was a gentle way to die.

Hannibal waited till half way through the first course to bring the conversation back to the case.

"Perhaps now isn't the best time." Jack's eyes directed across to Will as he spoke.

"What did they look like?" Will asked. Both alphas looked at him.

"They all had dark eyes and hair. Typical, pretty in a commonplace, unremarkable way."

Will brought his lower lip into his mouth as he though for a moment before continuing. “The killer has a daughter. Same age and appearance as the girls but maybe one key feature different to break the pattern."

"What makes you say that?" Jack said gruffly but the way he leaned in betrayed some interest.

The omega looked startled as if jerking from a trance and unaware of what he had been saying. “It’s quite simple, isn’t it?

It was a while before he could safely dismiss the older alpha although Hannibal counted the evening as a profitable one. Ascending the stairs he found his mate he found him in their bedroom, already undressed to his sleep clothes. He looked up from his book at a gentle stroke to his nape but didn’t say anything.

“You behaved very well tonight,” Hannibal said. “I am proud of you.” Easing the book from Will’s hands Hannibal guided Will up on his knees and settled beside him. The boy automatically pressed back against him and bared his throat submissively. Hannibal had briefly considered continuing with the next stage of Will's omega training but the little thing had been so sweet and docile of late that it was hardly necessary. Few alphas got the pleasure of training their mates as much of the traditional lessons would be taught by parents and reinforced at school which only increased the pleasure of his fine creation.

Breathing in deeply he could just detect the scent of pre-heat on the boy’s skin, likely it would be noticeable to others over the next few days and potent enough to the point of brazen by the end of the week. After confirming the expected date he had gladly booked them tickets for the opera the night before.

There was a certain satisfaction in showing off his omega in public, crafted from a reluctant muse and broken down to form his perfect mate and while it was not quite as delightful as when the boy was swelling with pregnancy, parading him out on his arm while reeking of fertility and mounting desire was a close second.

Will woke weary, his limbs stiff and heavy after a week of heat. Through the ajar bathroom door he could hear the shower running and rolled over onto his back, his sore body protesting slightly. His body was designed to regularly undergo each part of heat without permanent damage and he found sex with his alpha enjoyable the majority of the time yet that did not change the fact that the pheromones his body released encouraged his mate's more aggressive instincts or that he was sore from the handling and the sheer number of times he had been roughly bred. Without thinking his hand traced along his lower belly, fingers splaying flat over where he imagined his empty womb would be.

Hannibal emerged from bathroom, letting his hand stroke along Will's leg as he passed him to the wardrobe, the suit he had selected the day before already placed out.

"Hannibal."

"Yes, Will? Is something troubling you?" The alpha set down his tie to cross back to the bed, lifting the omega's head up in one hand.

"I want, I think we should start trying again," Will said quietly. He heard Hannibal exhale sadly and sit back down on the bed beside him. The alpha's other hand rose to cup his face in both palms but he kept his eyes cast down.

"Look at me."

The omega's eyes rose automatically at the slight order in his voice so Hannibal smoothly made his next more comforting before the boy could become aware. "Will, I know how important it is to you but you know how poor the chances are. Perhaps in time we can look into more fertility treatments but there are not promising results in cases like yours. I will not agree to any treatment that may be harmful to your health and only serve to bring false hope. Do you understand?"

Will swallowed as he felt tears prickling his eyes but the alpha was of course right so he managed a quick nod. "I understand."

Hannibal laid a gentle kiss to the omega's brow.

There were always a number of chores to attend to after his heat had ended and at first Will didn't hear the knock at the front door. That the visitor was the agent from a few nights past, Jack Crawford, was another surprise. After showing the man through to the kitchen and preparing coffee Will locked his hands around his own cup to try and stop them from fidgeting as in truth he was struggling to comprehend entirely what was happening.

There was nothing overtly aggressive in the way Crawford casually crowded into his space or particularly intrusive in the general questions he asked but Will still felt deeply uncomfortable, made worse without his mate there to act as a buffer.

Hannibal had disposed of most of his old clothes and replaced them with ones he deemed more fitting. Dressed by those standards casually for just about the house and cleaning now in slacks of a soft, comfortable material but in the omega style, more closely fitted to accentuate the shape of his thighs and arse, and a t-shirt loose only because it had once been worn in the beginning of his second trimester, made him feel more vulnerable than he should but tried to ignore the feeling.

Finally Jack seemed to reach his point. “You were right about the missing girls case. I shouldn’t be saying this but the idea of looking into the daughter may have saved us weeks and a lot more victims.” Jack’s eyes flicked up and down Will’s body once as he spoke, a note of disbelief in his voice though not necessarily cruel. “So simple but no one else saw it. Why is that?”

“I don’t know. Sir,” Will added.

The alpha tilted his head slightly, amused as he studied the omega. “Please, Jack’s fine.”

“What was it that you wanted to ask me about?” Will finally asked hesitantly, leaving off the title.

“Well, I don’t think that was a fluke and I’d actually like to hear your thoughts on another case.”

Will struggled to form an adequate response. He was aware that he saw a great deal more than most did when he interacted with others, a tendency that he had thought once could be trained into a skill in the right job but all hopes of the careers he had been working towards had ended years ago with his heat occurring unexpectedly in public and within sight of four unmated alphas. It still was limited though as, he reminded himself, he had had no inkling of Doctor Lecter’s interest in him until his father had informed him of the deal they had struck and told sharply to be grateful as not many alphas would accept an omega so throughly broken in.

You’re damaged goods now boy… stupid, selfish slut…

Will shook his head trying to rid himself of the word only then remembering he was not alone. His face flushed as he realised Jack was watching him with interest and hands clasping his shoulder as if expecting his to fall. He skittered back a step.

“The problem is that your opinion isn’t based on anything credible,” Jack continued. “and I'm not willing to risk my credibility for an omega on a hunch. It’s a bit unorthodox but I’d like to trial you for a few months as an unofficial consultant, just between you and me.”

“I’m not sure that would be…appropriate.”

“Since you’d only be an employee in a strictly unofficial capacity any contributions won’t be able to be credited to you by name but I”m sure some kind of compensation can be negotiated with your mate. It’s not like you're pressed for things to do cooped up here.”

Will allowed himself to consider for a moment. Barely two years ago, less maybe he would have been delighted at such an opportunity and horrified at the state his life was now. How strange.

“It sounds interesting, Jack, but I would need to talk to Doctor Lecter before I could agree to-”

“That’s great,” Jack interrupted. “He’s already agreed under the conditions that he is notified in advance for any interstate travel and proper supervision and limited interaction unmated alphas at all times. We should be able to work out the rest of the details.”

…….

It was late when they came back from the hospital. The sight of so much blood now dried on the silky bedsheets was enough to make his knees quiver; the smell of it strong in the room and on him as more stray rivulets joined the dry stains on his inner thighs.

Will whimpered as steady hands on his shoulder and lower back guided him past the bed to the bathroom, standing still and obedient as those same hands began to remove his clothes.

The blood collected on the floor of the shower, slowly draining away. Will gripped the alpha's forearms as his mate came to stand behind him. Looking down his body he watched the fat red droplets drip over the swollen dome of his belly like teardrops. No, that was wrong. The child had been only eighteen weeks along, he had barely begun to show. Strong calloused hands mapped out the impossibly swollen shape before one stroked up his body to close about his neck, tilting the omega’s head up. As thin lips traced the mating scar on his neck Will felt something else touching his belly thinner than his mate’s fingers. A sharp metal point. He screamed as at the same time as alpha bit down hard on his mating gland the scalpel pierced his stomach, almost grotesquely swollen and empty. Both hands moved to the cut, clean and surgical, fingers pressing forward into his flesh, pulling the folds apart till the wound gaped. Will’s legs gave out and Hannibal caught him easily, bringing blood soaked fingers to his mouth with a hum of satisfaction before lowering them again to press insistently against Will’s lips…

Will woke with a strangled gasp. He was drenched sweat, shaking but as his breathing slowed he became aware of the warmth gradually growing beneath his skin and the mounting pain low in his belly and between his buttocks, his hole already damp and beginning to drip, that warned of pre-heat.

For six months there had been many monsters and misunderstood men and women vying for space in his mind till it hardly felt like his own but there was one who outranked them all by brutality and sheer numbers who Jack had him return to again until the Chesapeake Ripper was never far from his mind. Maybe it was fitting in some warped version of the sentiment that the monster he had not been able to catch had been the very same one by his side much longer and had been allowed his body as well as his mind. By the time he had seen the truth

that had been before his eyes for years the creature's claws had already dug deep and carved out more than a single pound of flesh.

Chapter End Notes

As always, feedback is appreciated and let me what you think below

P.s. Constructive criticism is welcome but if you have been distressed by material please try to bear tags in mind before beginning ~~and anticipate the chance of canon (ish) levels of violence and other painful aspects~~

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Although the matter was generally not discussed unbound and childless alphas of advanced years to subconsciously seek out potential mates out of frustration in those last years before officially advancing past middle-age. Although Hannibal knew he would never feel that ache, less concerned with a legacy that stretched past his own life, he did wonder if it was possible if he would have eventually grown more reckless if he had not found his ideal omega how and when he did. He doubted that as after all, he was not by any means an average man. It had amused him to see such sensations arise in another though, although that had not been to the forefront of his mind when he had agreed to let Will consult with Jack Crawford. Of course, that had not been on Jack's mind then either.

The loss of their still born daughter had been harder for Will to bear than the two miscarriages that had preceded it. He took his birth control pill without complaint each morning but he remained in mourning, rendered simply less. Hannibal expected that many days Will would not have thought to eat had he not told him to. The little omega threw himself into his house chores, sought book after book and dutifully undressed himself for bed each night whether he had been told to or not but was clearly trying to distract himself from his own pain in each moment. That would not do.

Consulting on the unsolved cases of inferior killers proved most useful in keeping Will occupied and nurtured the unusual intelligence that had initially drawn him to the omega and had been in danger of being extinguished. It was not surprising that after a few months another became more effected by that allure too.

Jack had realised far too late that between his wife's age and now terminal illness his window to leave a legacy had for all purposes closed. The agent's low tolerance for omegas in the workplace was well established; he preferred his subordinates to be betas and to be the sole alpha in the room if possible, confirming that Will's insight was in the beginning valued to be permitted at all. As such, Will was the only omega he regularly was in contact with. So young and beautiful and despite the sour tint of birth control in his scent still regularly reeking of fertility and, to Jack, lost opportunities. Jack, who despite his chosen profession, wore his every thought and feeling on the surface, was not difficult to understand. He cared for his wife a great deal and was somewhat confused and frustrated by his growing desire for Will.

Seeing not much harm and a considerable amount of amusement for himself Hannibal had not minded that development and although he did not extend too many more invitations to the other alpha and his wife he did not object to his omega looking over case files and occasionally being brought to crime scenes. Likely as a courtesy for Jack had taken to asking for Hannibal's thoughts as well and while the majority of murders were clearly the work of sloppy amateurs Hannibal was not one to pass up the opportunity to gain a little more insight into the interworking of the people supposedly working towards apprehending him.

“I’m sorry to disturb you so early, Doctor,” Jack said in a polite tone that still suggested he felt nothing of the sort. It was a few minutes shy of six am.“The press are already all over this one so I need it confirmed as soon as possible but I can’t, that is I wouldn’t count on the hospital director’s discretion enough to bring Will to the scene.”

“Of course, Jack.” Hannibal gestured to take a seat and extended his hand for the file clutched in the other’s hand. He was more than familiar with the director in question, a Frederick Chilton, who privately owned and operated a hospital for damaged and traumatised omegas and was the head of a government asylum where the attack had taken place. It was hard to say which group, vulnerable damaged omegas or the more fascinating of dangerous alpha criminals, he was more poorly suited to the care of. “If I may?”

Jack handed it over. The pages consisted of a hurriedly written report, some background information on the patient who had attacked and murdered a nurse (a former surgeon, interesting) and some photos.

“Hannibal, what’s-?” Both men looked up, the omega having appeared in the doorway of the living room. “Jack?” Will made as if to step back, self-conscious and very aware that while Hannibal had donned pyjamas to answer the door he was only dressed tellingly in the man’s abandoned dress shirt and his underwear as he often did in the morning or when hurried over redressing in his own clothes.

“Come here, darling.” Hannibal beckoned when the omega hesitated, hovering by the doorway for another moment before crossing to the fireplace. Hannibal looped an arm around Will’s waist to pull him down into his lap and set the file in his hands. As Will read the report and scanned the photos Hannibal carefully arranged his mate in his lap so that his bare legs were spread a tad wider and didn’t miss the way Jack’s eyes flicked up and down.

“What does Gideon say?” Will asked without looking up.

“He says he is the Ripper. And that he has nothing left to lose as justification for his having kept the secret so long."

“He’s not the Ripper,” Will said quietly.

“How can you be so sure of that?” Jack said at once. “He fits the timeline and the profile perfectly.”

“So would many others. It’s too much of a stretch.”

“Don’t be so rude, Will,” Hannibal chided. “Please continue, Jack.” Hannibal shifted the omega on his lap. Casually he worked his hand under the line of Will’s briefs and pressed a finger against his opening. Will jerked, almost loosing his grip on the papers in his hand but covered the soft whimper.

Jack licked his lips, distracted by the sight. “Will is right that there are gaps that he may not be able to account for but I have more than grounds to believe Gideon is the Chesapeake Ripper and he’s worried that he’s losing attention. And if he isn’t…what better way to bait the real killer.”

Hannibal felt a vein of rage at Jack's blindness and foolish belief that such a method would work but was surprised when Will spoke again.

"You can't do that. It's too-" Will cut himself off as two fingers were shoved forward into his hole, trapped from moving away by his mate's other hand gripping his hip. Even as his face flushed with shame he could feel himself starting to grow slick, the liquid already collecting and beginning to drip onto Hannibal's hand. Both alphas would be able to smell it.

"Can't?" Jack repeated. A note of anger was in his voice this time but the way his nostrils flared as he gripped the armchair suggested he was more than distracted.

"My apologies, Agent Crawford," Hannibal said smoothly. "You must proceed as you see is best." With one last rough curl of his fingers Hannibal withdrew his hand and kissed Will's forehead lightly. "Upstairs now," he said in Will's ear but not so quietly that Jack would not be able to hear. Will knew the deeper instruction, that was to go immediately to their bed and wait naked on his hands and knees until his mate came upstairs.

Will climbed out of his mate's lap on shaky limbs and stumbled out of the room with his legs clenched together.

"God, that one must make you feel young again," Jack said once they were alone again, leaning back in his chair. The hunger and envy that had just begun to darken his face as he watched Will stumble from the room was still readable.

Hannibal smiled. What circumstances had Jack imagined involving his 'friend's' young mate? Not in his own home where every space was also his wife's. Perhaps he had thought about taking the omega in his office, relishing in tearing his clothes off and daring anyone walking past the door to comment. Or in the backseat of his car or maybe he even was arrogant enough to fantasise that the omega would welcome him into the bed upstairs? Were Hannibal not so possessive himself he may have been almost tempted to offer Jack the opportunity just to see how much of a show of denial he would put up.

"He has a healthy desire to please," Hannibal replied instead.

Hannibal parked his car outside the hospital. He had received the call that his omega was in pre-heat late the night before, the on duty nurse apologising for the hour and asking if he would be interested in attending to his mate this month. Hannibal had not in fact been in bed when the phone rang but in the cellar applying finishing touches to his latest masterpiece. In preparation for Will's heat being due he had already made the necessary arrangements with his patients and seen the timing as a bonus because on the slim chance the body he was preparing be traced back to him he would have a ready and verifiable alibi for the next week.

An orderly escorted him along a different corridor from the patient rooms to the heat visitation suites on a lower level. Before being taken to his mate he was shown to a changing room to stow his belongings and suit and changing into the visitor blue scrubs. The process for omegas seeking access to their imprisoned mates would be vastly different he knew but

there was no need in this situation as the omegas at this facility were all installed by members of their family or their mates.

As they walked the beta repeated the safety protocols although he didn't begrudge the man for doing his job. Finally the security door was opened for him. Unlike the higher levels that retained some of the gothic charm of the old house the heat suites were stark medical white and equipped with the basics -sink, toilet, a small bed and a low steel table upon which a breeding bench was assembled and bolted to the surface. His omega was already waiting, restrained on the bench.

"Hello Will."

The design was simple with the bench portion shaped like a flat, rectangular stool, lightly padded to support the kneeling omega's hips and extra pads on the base to relieve pressure on their knees and forehead pressed hard base. The collar, wrist and ankle restraints had been lined and like the supporting bench could easily be adjusted to the correct height, length and sensible amount of freedom. The legs and interlocking support bars of the metal base were solid and placed so no amount of squirming or struggles could tip the device over.

Will shivered at the touch to his nape but was prevented from flinching away more than a few centimetres. As the hand spread out over his neck to play with curls collected there, a steady weight on the vulnerable gentling point, the other moved to find the zipper of the jumpsuit Will had been dressed in. He pulled up the long zip on each side, starting just above the omega's ankle and finishing at his ribcage to allow for easy removal around the restraints. No underwear had been provided. After he had undone the second zip the alpha rolled the material up further, hands tracing the exposed skin up to the sensitised nipples. Will gasped and increased his desperate struggles as at the same time as his nipple was pinched between a thumb and finger two more digits were forced into his aching hole, trying automatically to close his legs.

"Please…" Will whispered.

The alpha chuckled at that and moved to the side to adjust the bench and force Will's thighs a little wider. "Don't worry darling, you will be much calmer after I've knotted you. I will remove these restraints only if I am convinced that you will behave yourself."

After the first day the breeding bench was not needed again. Although it had only been a month Hannibal found he had missed the sweet moans Will made as he was fucked, the way he nestled against him afterwards and the pleasant feeling of drifting into sleep with the omega wrapped in his arms and locked around his cock. Even when too tired to support his own weight Will responded beautifully to stimulation.

It was on the fifth and final day that he found himself stroking over Will's flat little belly after knotting him one last time when the omega began to cry. Taken by surprise Hannibal gathered the omega to his chest as he sat up, pulling Will closer into his arms to gentle him

but for all his efforts Will continued to softly weep and cringed away from any attempt at comfort until the orderlies returned to take him back to his room.

Hannibal was aware that by all but the most basic, evolutionary standards and any restricted by the constructed idea of morality he was a monster. That did not concern him any more than the sacrifices that had been made in order for it to be possible to craft his ideal mate from an unwilling recipient of his interest. Still the alpha found himself missing Will’s quiet presence in the house, the sound of his voice and his rare contributions to conversation that were always fascinating and made more special by brevity.

While he had long been fascinated by the properties of Will's mind and had no doubt that it was a matter of when, not if, the omega would unwillingly learn his secrets he had expected years to plan and prepare. He had had less than three.

The ham-handed, approach Jack had taken with the omega had all but splintered Will's mind, making it gradually harder for him to see beyond moments of painful accuracy that he'd once compared to a essential puzzle piece that finally gave the twisted mould of colour a shape or face.

Hannibal grimaced at the sip of wine he had just taken. Rising from his chair he returned to the kitchen and poured the vintage down the sink, the sour disordered state of his thoughts diminishing his enjoyment of the flavour.

Missing his mate was inconvenient, for he did miss him, and Hannibal found himself wondering for the first time if he should have done several things differently even if he would not label his feelings now as regret over them.

Chapter End Notes

As always feedback is appreciated :)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who made it to the end :)

P.s. Non-con and other unpleasant happenings ahead. And also, for those who may have missed this: Hannibal is not only cruel, he's a bloody hypocrite.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will rubbed his eyes wearily, confused for a moment where he was. Jack's office. Thinking back he remembered the day's events- three bloody scenes left by the Ripper to revoke an article published that placed his crown on an unworthy head and having spent the rest of the afternoon going over every scrap of information on the Ripper. He was completely exhausted and it seemed very little progress had been made.

He had already noticed that there were two bottles of scotch kept in Jack's office, a midrange bottle more along the lines of the stuff Will's father used to drink and a second more expensive one for occasions with company. One was replaced more often than the other.

Jack had already poured out a small glass for himself before he tilted the neck of the bottle to the omega in silent question.

"Please."

"You are old enough, aren't you?"

"Nearly."

"Close enough."

Will accepted the offered glass with a surprised but grateful thanks. It had been some time since he'd had any drink besides wine and the taste and slight burn was comforting in it's familiarity.

"I think you were right about provoking him," Jack said after a while. "It's a gamble that we have to make sometimes but we are no closer to catching him now."

It wasn't an apology but Will respected how much it would have taken for him to say it. "You didn't have a choice."

The alpha turned back to him. "So how old are you now?"

“I’ll be 21 this year.” Jack had already asked him that before. Looking past the alpha at the clock he noticed how late it now was and that his mate would be angry.

“Hmm and you look younger.” Jack took a swallow of his glass, eyes diverted to the door then the wall, anywhere but directly at the boy. “Why don’t you have kids yet? It can’t be from lack of trying.”

Without looking Will could feel that the alpha had moved around the table to stand leaning against the edge of the desk. He set his glass down.

“That’s not your business.”

“I’m your employer, so it is my business.”

Will flinched as the man’s hand clapped down on his shoulder and he heard the loud inhale of his scent.

“I don’t really understand you and Lecter. It’s clear that you’re not happy and if he can’t give you what you need that’s a damned shame.”

“Says who exactly?” Will said angrily, trying to cover the rising feeling of fear. Ignoring every sense that told him to cower and appease he stood up in hurry but before he could get free he found himself being shifted till his back was pressed against the edge of the desk. His heart beat loudly in his ears as he was boxed in and large hands moved to cup the backs of his thighs and hoist him up onto the desk among the stacks of papers.

“Jack, please, what are you doing?”

“Don’t talk,” Jack said gruffly. “Such a fucking waste…” he finished more as if arguing to himself as a trace of rut induced growl entered his usually measured voice. He sounded guilty and not quite of his own mind.

As he was pushed roughly to lie down the omega scrambled backwards off the table, scrambling to his feet again but not quickly enough to get past to the door. Arms caught about his chest and throat yanking him back against Jack and the whimper he had been trying to fight down finally escaped as he felt the hard shape against his thigh and the alpha began dragging him back to the desk. Frantically he threw his head back as hard as he could into the man’s jaw. Jack grunted and he used the moment of distraction to pull himself free.

Hannibal had called Jack four times enquiring after his mate for all to go unanswered. However, when Will stumbled through the door hours later near the point of collapse, shaking and reeking of the other alpha Hannibal did not need further clarification. He did wonder briefly though as he helped his mate through to the kitchen and to the small armchair in the corner just how much of the distance from likely Quantico Will had had to walk.

Despite the concern and rage brewing just below his skin -how dare another alpha lay hands on his mate, dare to think he had a right to do so unsanctioned and reduce the poor omega to

such a panicked state and why did the foolish boy not call him at once-

“Did you invite him to fuck you?” Hannibal asked calmly.

“Of course not. I told you already. You know I never would.”

“Oh Will,” Hannibal sighed. Resting his hands atop Will’s thighs he watched the way his omega twitched nervously. Signs of bruising had already begun to show on Will’s neck and his lower lip was bleeding from his own teeth. There was no doubt what had occurred yet and Hannibal would ensure that Jack’s slight would be repaid in time but as of now it was more beneficial to act as he did not know. He stood from his kneeling position in front of Will, drawing back and looking away as if in disgust.

“Had I known what a natural slut you would turn out to be... Brazen, insatiable and infertile, perhaps you would have served better as a whore.”

“How could you say that!” Will’s legs trembled as he stood, angry tears dripping down his beautiful face, refusing to back down even as his fingers dug deeply into his palms to stop his shaking hands. “How can you be so cruel and believe after all this time-”

“I accepted you when you were tainted and carrying another’s seed. If I were superstitious perhaps I would say that it was linked and a fitting punishment that you have not been able to carry to term since then.”

The omega moved quicker than he would have expected and he barely had time catch hold of his arms, still receiving several scratches to his face. Suddenly something in Will’s face shifted, eyes widening in clarity and with as little warning as the attack he went limp, dead weight in the alpha’s hold.

“It’s you, it’s always been you...”

…….

Tears still prickled Will’s eyes as he struggled to breathe around the silicon gag in his mouth. He had already endured the feeding tube before the artificial knot had been forced into his mouth and the other plug was still pumping fluid into him. As much as he tried to sleep though the breeding sessions it was difficult to do so in the uncomfortable position with his legs spread above his head and each breath in and out a struggle.

When Will opened his eyes some time later he had been redressed and unhooked from the breeding machine. He expected he had passed out rather than fallen asleep from the odd feeling in his head but he noticed when he looked up that the two men unstrapping him from the bed were different from the ones from before. Before he could say anything the knot gag was shoved back into his mouth and buckled back into place. He had grown weaker while in the hospital and the last two weeks of being constantly lying down had taken most of the muscle tone remaining in his limbs. He could only whimper weakly as his hands were cuffed behind him and the orderly easily threw him over his shoulder.

Not again...

The lights were off and the ward quieter than normal. Clearly it was later then he'd thought, other omegas doped or subdued into sleep and the lack of other staff on the floor confirming any doubt that this was a new routine.

Frustrated tears began to burn his eyes as he realised where he was being taken, blocking out the lewd exchanges of the two alphas to each other and directed at him as he was strapped down to a breeding bench, his trousers yanked unceremoniously down. A far corner of his mind he was grateful for the straps that would hold him up as he doubted he could support his own weight. Powerless to do anything more he stayed silent as his useless body was arranged and tied in place but couldn't help a distressed noise as the other approached him with a loaded syringe.

"Just a little something to get you in the mood, sweetheart," the orderly smirked, pushing the point into the omega's thigh.

The drug took effect quickly and Will felt with mortification as his exposed hole began to slicken and burn with a hollow ache like that of heat and even worse, to dilate so much that slick began to openly run down his legs. Despite the other reactions Will remained mentally present as the first man moved into position behind him but it hardly hurt with how wet and loose his hole had been rendered. The knot had just started to catch on the rim of his hole when he realised his head was starting to hurt and feel slightly foggy.

"Fuck, I told you not to knot him!" shouted the other orderly.

"Then what's the point?" The other man growled. "We've got plenty of time and if you're worried then you can have the front."

Will felt a hand unbuckle the gag from around his face and heard the soft slapping of skin on skin but ducked his head when the tip of a very real erection was pressed to his lips. Growling, the young alpha grabbed a handful of hair to pull Will's head up at an uncomfortable angle and rammed his head into the metal frame. Will couldn't help the gasp of pain that the alpha used to force his cock down his throat. The omega continued to struggle but the grip on his head was like iron and his breathing was becoming rapidly laboured. Something else was wrong…
Will's last clear thought was the syringe, prepared and administered hurriedly without checking for air bubbles.

Hannibal had long thought that Frederick Chilton was a fool but had believed him to have his uses. Once he had amused himself with the possibility of setting Chilton up as his patsy but now he deserved much worse. The pathetic little man either didn't care that one of his patients and bonded mate of his 'friend' had almost died under his care any more than he did the exact circumstances they had occurred under or thought that pretending would bode well for him. As if doing so was granting Hannibal a favour.

“There seems to be a discipline issue among the staff; I would never condone unauthorised breeding of patients although that soon after a heat it's understandable at the very least. There's a little physical use damage but nothing serious from the embolism. Luckily they noticed in time,” Chilton relayed, completely unaware of the predator in the room. “His blood work is clear for any STIs but it did show something else you might be interested by.”

The bright lights burned Will’s eyes and made his head throb as he woke but all in all he did not feel as ill as he had last time he’d closed them.

"Hello Will."

Will struggled into a sitting position, dragging the sheet with him. He noticed with a jolt that his wrist was still loosely strapped to the gurney bed and more sturdy restraints held his ankles spread at the foot of the bed. "Agent Crawford."

"Now now, we don't need to backtrack that much. You call me Jack.” Jack sat in a plastic chair beside his bed, legs stretched out in a crafted casual pose.

"Where am I?"

“Hospital, the regular kind. You’ve been kept sedated for a few days. Don’t panic, you won't be going back to Chilton now I dare say."

"Why are you here?"

"You did some good work but it's for the best to call it quits now. It works out pretty well time wise with the baby after all." There was some bitterness in his voice but whether it was from losing his handy tool, another reminder of lost possibilities or both was unclear. Jack leaned forward closer to the bed, casually laying a hand on Will's leg through the blanket.

"I came close to making some poor decisions over you and it'd be easier if Doctor Lecter doesn't hear about it. You understand?" An underlying urgency could just be heard under the casually made order. As if on cue the door opened.

"Jack, this is quite irregular."

"Don't worry Dr Lecter, we were just finishing up," Jack said standing up to leave. "Congratulations and I dare say good luck with that one.”

For a long moment there was silence as Hannibal crossed the small room and seated himself on the edge of the bed instead of taking Jack’s chair.

"Baby?" Will breathed.

"Yes, you've been quite mischievous I see.” Hannibal smiled down at his mate.

“You know that birth control pills can in rare cases have psychotic effects on omegas and that needed to be considered as a possible contributor to his condition,” Chilton said. “Surely you were informed? Besides, didn’t you say that he’s infertile?”

“What happens now?” Will said quietly.

“You will come home. I believe I can continue your treatment although there will be some security measures.” Hannibal indicted a band around Will’s ankle he had not noticed before. “The anklet functions like an electric shock collar and will likely be permanent, I'm afraid, although the perimeters can be adjusted in time if I am convinced that you can be trusted to leave our house.” The alpha lifted the hospital gown to press the pad of his thumb over a small 'o' neatly stitched into the omega's upper thigh, the freshly installed microchip just beneath his skin that the omega could never t rid himself of even if he could try with the anklet.

"What do you want? Really.”

"Whatever you will grant me happily. Failing that, a return to our lives as they were. I would rather see you by my side then tucked away, wasted in that awful place or another like it.”

"Lie for the rest of my life or yours. Whichever comes first.”

Hannibal threaded his left hand through Will’s curls, gently cradling his head while the other hand rested innocently on his thigh to allow the pad of his thumb to stroke over his stomach and remind his omega of the significance of what lay in there. “It does not need to be as unpleasant as that, my darling boy,” Hannibal sighed. “Do you not want the chance to have your freedom and a child of your making? Our son or daughter?”

“Will you let me?” Will said, finally meeting the older man’s eyes. Hannibal tilted his head slightly in a confused gesture but the slight uplift of his lips in pride at Will’s boldness with such question was all but confirmation of what Will had begun to suspect some months ago.

“Do you want to come home, Will?” Hannibal asked tenderly, so proud of his little mate.

“Yes. I agree.”

…….

The first ultrasound at eight weeks had revealed a second surprise with the detection of two separate heartbeats. Will’s beautiful stormy blue eyes had filled with relieved tears as he saw the strong beats and vague outline of their tiny, not yet human bodies but remained silent the rest of the afternoon and evening. For every moment of joy and contentment there would be one of fear not long after.

“You managed to beat the odds again,” Hannibal had murmured fondly as he carried the omega back upstairs from the car as the boy still struggled to walk or remain on his feet for

lengthy periods even if his health was improving.

Although Will made a full physical recovery pregnancy again proved trying on him and as he approached his due date grew increasingly fatigued. Far from finding it tiresome Hannibal quite enjoyed it as they adapted to their new lives together.

Will had only hesitated a moment before tucking into the first cut of meat served to him as his priorities of ensuring his children would receive all the nutrients they needed outweighing his own morals. The omega was five months along when Hannibal prepared a special dinner in celebration of three years since they had first met and felt extreme satisfaction at the smile Will wore the rest of the night after Hannibal had explained the significance of the pig; the creature was fine quality due to the fine and luxurious lifestyle and diet he had kept but had reverted to vegetarianism a few months prior to slaughter after losing a kidney.

There a number of other pigs that he imagined Will would have no qualms about and Hannibal decided that enough time had now passed for a special visit, decided that once Will had recovered from the birth and the children old enough to travel or be left with a carer they would take a trip back to Louisiana.

It was an entirely unremarkable Sunday morning when a soft thud and resounding whimper drew the alpha upstairs, his mate having righted himself by clinging to the stair rail but the liquid streaking his legs and collected on the carpet at his feet leading Hannibal to abandon their partially prepared breakfast to head to the hospital.

Despite how active both the foetuses had been the labour itself went rather smoothly and just under eight hours later Will had delivered two healthy little girls. Although he had remained outside the open door of the delivery room the entire time Hannibal waited until Will had been moved to recovery before going in to see him and the children. The alpha watched for another minute from the doorway almost feeling as if intruding.

His beautiful mate looked exhausted as he lay propped up in bed, a hand lightly holding and stroking over each bundle as they lay on his chest. Hannibal’s contemplation was interrupted a moment later when the midwife returned, helping Will to sit up and arrange both babes comfortably to try feeding.

Once the nurse had left again Hannibal moved from the doorway and knelt to kiss Will’s messy curls but didn’t say anything to interrupt the moment. There was no fear in the omega’s eyes today, only joy.

Chapter End Notes

There was never going to be a happy ending for this story, only a conclusion with some consolation because it is not a happy story.

As always let me know what you think :)

End Notes

Well, that happened.

As always, feedback is appreciated :)

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